A POEM

Inscribed to the MEMBERS of ST. MARY's CHAPEL.

UPON THE

MOST HONOURABLE, ANCIENT, AND EXCELLENT

ART of WRIGHT-CRAFT.

By a BROTHER of the CRAFT.

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A POEM

ON THE

MOST HONOURABLE, ANCIENT, AND EXCELLENT ART

OF

WRIGHT CRAFT.

WRIGHT-CRAFT, this Art who rightly would define,
Muſt not the ſame to one poor Art confine:
This Art moſt comprehenſive doth include
All Sorts of Artiſts who do work in Wood.
This Name is like the Trunk of ſome great Tree,
From which we many goodly Branches ſee,
Like Cedars tall grow out on ev'ry Side,
Beneath whoſe Shade great Flocks of Birds abide.
Scarce can one name the num'rous curious Arts,
Which of this one make up the ſev'ral Parts:
The Joiner and Ship-carpenter make two,
The Mill-wright and the Wheel-wright all Men know,
Are Branches which to this great Art pertain,
And Plough and Cart-wrights have a Share therein.
Theſe who for mathematick Uſe do make,
The Inſtruments that Math'maticians lack:
Block-makers, Sieve-wrights, and Comb-makers too,
Are Branches of this Art we muſt allow;
Turners and Coopers, no Man can exclude,
From 'mongſt the Artiſts who do work in Wood.

Coach-makers, Bowers, and the Men who make
The Inſtruments of Muſick, muſt partake
Of this rare Art, and with ſweet Melody,
Together join in Peace and Harmony.
If in this ſhort, but comprehenſive Liſt,
I any other Artiſt Branch have miſt;
Excuſe the Error, and forgive the Miſs,
Since out of Weakneſs not Deſign it is.
Since Inſtruments of Muſick-makers are
Artiſts, who, in this Art, may claim a Share;
Let us invoke the Muſes which they ſerve,
For Help to dite what WRIGHT-CRAFT doth deſerve.
Awake, my Muſe, in lofty Strains proclaim
WRIGHT-CRAFT's great Merit, and its endleſs Fame!
Shew all the Things wherein it doth excel,
And uſeful is to all on Earth that dwell!
Shew how the Wright of ſhapeleſs Logs of Wood,
Makes curious Things moſt uſeful, rare and good:
He works by Compaſs, Plummet, Square, and Line,
Of knotty Wood he makes Things ſmooth and fine;
He from the Forreſt his Materials takes,
Of rugged Wood a Habitation makes,
Fit for a Dwelling, regular and fair:
Or if ſome Maſon doth the Walls up rear,
The Work unfiniſh'd in that State muſt ſtand,
Until the Wright put to his ſkilful Hand,
The Beams and Rafters lay, and Roof put on,
And faſten Doors and Windows thereupon;
The Caſements and Partitions, or what elſe,
Doth pleaſe the Perſon in the Houſe who dwells:
The Inſide he doth finiſh and complete,
In ev'ry Thing that's neceſſar and meet;
With Tables, Preſſes, Cabinets, and Draw'rs,
With Trunks, and Cheſts, Beds, Ambries, Stools, and Chairs:
Of ev'ry ſort by him the Owner's ſerv'd,
Indented Work, japan'd, or finely carv'd;

Ev'n

Ev'n from the Throne and Canopy of State,
To Button Moulds or ſmalleſt Wooden Plate:
With Wood-work thus the Houſe provided well,
Ev'n to a Diſtaff, Spindle, Pirn, or Reel.
The Wright doth next with no ſmall Pains and Care,
The Inſtruments of Labour all prepare;
The Plough, that uſeful Inſtrument of Work,
The Harrows, Waggons, Cart, and Corn-fork;
And all the other Inſtruments, by which
The Huſband-man doth labour and make rich:
Doth faſhion all, then he goes to the Mill,
Where by hard Labour, and great Art and Skill;
By Force of Water, Animals or Wind,
Machines he makes that uſeful Corn do grind;
Machines that beat tough Rags into a Maſh,
And ſtubborn Hemp ſoft, as the Down doth threſh;
Machines that makes prodigious Hammers go,
To forge hard Metals, and the Bellows blow;
Machines that beat dry Seeds into an Oyl,
And ſaweth Wood with little Pain or Toil;
Machines that cardeth Cloth into a Freeze,
And many other rich Varieties
Of uſeful Engines, made by Wrights we ſee,
Whereby they Men from Drudgry-work keep free.
In ancient Times, to Men what dreadful Toil,
By Spades and Howes to cultivate the Soil.
Till godly NOAH by this bleſſed Art,
Made Cattle labour in the Plough and Cart;
This Patriarch great, a famous Wright indeed,
As ſhall be ſhown when further I proceed,
Eas'd Men of half their Toil at once by Beaſts;
But is it here, the Art of WRIGHT-CRAFT reſts?
No, not at all, this ſkilful Artiſt can,
Not only make the Cattle work for Man;
But further, he the Elements doth make,
To do Mens Work, whilſt they his Engines ſhake,

The Art, as common, now may be diſpis'd,
But anciently, it was moſt highly priz'd,
Whilſt no Device, but Strength of Hand was found,
By which Mens neceſſary Food was ground.
Evn Samson's ſelf, a Man prodigious ſtrong,
At ſuch hard Work could not continue long;
Made choice of Death rather than turn the Mill,
And be confin'd to ſuch hard Labour ſtill.
O happy Wright! 'tis only thou who can
Make Elements and Cattle work for Man,
By theſe Engines thou doſt for them prepare,
And eaſe them of their Toil ſo large a Share.
But here thou ſtop'ſt not, likewiſe thou affords
Moſt curious Work of coſtly Trees and Boards,
Things for their Pleaſure, and Conveniency,
Contrived are, and wrought alone by thee.
The gliſt'ring Coach, the Chariot, and Sedan,
Are Seats of Pleaſure for a weary'd Man;
By which he's carried whither he doth pleaſe,
Ev'n whilſt he therein ſitteth at his Eaſe.
The ſacred Bench and Pulpit, Places whence,
The Prieſt and Judge, Goſpel and Law diſpenſe.
The inner Part, or Subſtance every where,
Of conſecrated Places, with great Care,
The Wrights do make, and only can repair.
The Throne itſelf, and Canopy of State,
The Judgment-hall, the Bench, or Judgment-ſeat;
Are ſimple Things to what the Wrights have made,
Boards conſecrate, and Timber hallowed.
The ſacred Boards in Silver Sockets ſet,
Their Faſhion and their Form from Wrights did get:
The Tabernacle's Nerves, the very Thing
On which the Curtains and whole Frame did hing;
The Ark wherein the Pot of Manna ſtood,
To ſhew how Men had eaten Angels Food;

The

The ſacred Tables, and Prieſt AARON's Rod,
And every other Monument, which GOD
Appointed had with ISRAEL to remain;
This hallowed Ark did all theſe Things contain.
This very Ark which BEZALEEL made,
When proud PHILISTINES, ISRAEL did invade,
And ISRAEL's Armies were in great Diſtreſs,
They brought it forth, and by its Sacredneſs,
They thought it would their Enemies defeat;
Such are his Ways in Heaven who has his Seat,
He'll have his People know, no Creature may,
How ſacred ever, his Place occupy:
He lets the Foe prevail, the Ark they did
Take captive, and away in Triumph led;
But as its Antitype by Death prevail'd,
Intomb'd in Earth, beneath a Stone cloſe ſeal'd;
Strong Powers and Principalities did ſpoil,
And Death itſelf triumphantly did foil;
So did this Ark, when conquer'd and tane,
In triumph ride through Land of PALESTINE;
To every City where they brought this Cheſt,
The People were ſore plagu'd and much diſtreſs'd,
DAGON their God, before it down did fall,
And on the Threſhold broke his Neck withal.
This ſacred Ark, did more PHILISTINES ſlay,
Than ISRAEL's Armies in a Battle-day.
It ſtill prevail'd, and ſtill did plague them ſo,
They on a Cart were forc'd to let it go;
In haſte, two Milk-cows, from the Stalls they took,
And in the Cart they did the Cattle yoke,
Their ſucking Calves ſhut up, thus they contrive,
To know what Road they would by Inſtinct drive.
The Ark made faſt, and Preſents with it ſent,
For their great Sin to make Atonement,
The Cattle then broke off with mighty Speed,
To CANAAN's Border ſtraight they did proceed;

No

No Stop they made, no By-road did they take,
Their Calves at home, they utterly forſake,
Impatient to get home their ſacred Load,
They low'd and ran, with Speed, along the Road;
By Heav'n's Direction, to BETHSHEMESH ſtraight,
The ſacred Cheſt foaming and ſweating brought.
The fainting Cattle by Stone ABEL ſtood,
No further could they bear the hallowed Wood.

After the Ark Crowds of PHILISTINES gaze,
And were conſtrained ISRAEL's God to praiſe:
By Inſtinct or divine Impulſe the Beaſts
Did teach their Princes, and inſtruct their Prieſts,
That he whoſe Ark, or Charter-cheſt, they bore,
Was only he which all Men ſhould adore.

The LEVITES then, took down GOD's Charter-cheſt,
The Cart they clave, the Cows they kill'd and dreſs'd;
Poor harmleſs Beaſts, who did noways tranſgreſs,
Were Victims made for Man's great Wickedneſs:
But many People came and gazed on
The ſacred Ark, which ſtood upon a Stone,
Without due Rev'rence, every Man was ſlain,
That thus, by gazing, did the Ark profane.

The BETHSHEMITES, afraid, did ſore lament,
And to the Men of KIRJATHJEARIM ſent,
To take the hallowed Charter-cheſt away,
Leſt GOD ſhould them, like the PHILISTINES ſlay;
The Men of KIRJATHJEARIM, well content,
Gladly receiv'd the Ark of Covenant,
To ABINADAB's Houſe upon the Hill,
They brought it up, where he did keep it ſtill;
Ev'n twenty Years, who conſecrate his Son,
Religiouſly to wait the Ark upon.

At laſt King DAVID, with a mighty Train,
Did take it thence, that it might ſtill remain
In his own City, and Pavilion,
Where it ſhould ſtand a ſacred Frame upon,

Under

Under two Cherubims the Wrights had made,
Which o'er the Ark their ſacred Wings did ſpread.
The Oracle, and Mercy-ſeat, were there,
New-made by Wrights, moſt wonderfully rare.
But here King DAVID err'd, that Man of GOD,
The Steps purſu'd the Enemy had trode:
Like the PHILISTINES on a Cart he ſet
The ſacred Ark, which a wrong Touch did get
By UZA, when it tottered and ſhook:
Which ſo did ISRAEL's mighty GOD provoke,
He ſtruck him dead at once upon the Spot,
And thus did mind the King he had forgot:
That no Man might the hallow'd Ark come near,
But ſacred Prieſts who ought the ſame to bear.
This awful Cheſt ſo terrify'd the King,
He durſt it not to DAVID's City bring:
To OBEDEDOM's Houſe he turn'd aſide,
And three Months there he let the Ark abide,
Until he ſaw how GOD the Man did bleſs
Who kept the ſame; then went the Son of JESSE,
And brought the Ark to his own City then,
Where 'twixt the Cherubims it did remain,
Till SOLOMON, his Son, did build for GOD
A Houſe where he might have a firm abode,
Fill'd with angelick Wiſdom, could contrive
A glorious Houſe above all Men alive;
Ev'n as the Houſe was great, where GOD would dwell,
So did its Builder all Mankind excel.
Thus he, whoſe Ways are perfect every whit,
Makes all his Servants for his Service fit;
This glorious Prince and inſpir'd Architect,
To HIRAM wrote, he purpos'd to erect,
A glorious Structure to the King of Kings,
Deſiring he would ſend the uſeful Things
He wanted to complete the Work, and ſaid,
He, for the Wood, ſhould thankfully be paid:

So

So all the Timber at full Price he bought,
He'd not ſerve GOD with that which coſt him nought.
Full Twenty thouſand Meaſures of fine Wheat,
And as much Barley for the Servants Meat;
As many Baths of Oil and Wine he ſent,
Him Year by Year, and further to content
The King of TYRUS, he ten Cities gave.
The Wood was very much, you may believe,
And likewiſe good, well knew the King to chuſe
What Wood was beſt, and all the bad refuſe.
Of Trees he wrote ev'n from the Cedar tall,
To ſmalleſt Shrub that grows upon the Wall.
Tall Cedar Trees and coſtly Olive Wood,
Fir Trees and Algamung, all very good,
King HIRAM ſent with Chearfulneſs and Joy
Twelve thouſand Wrights, he did at once employ,
To cut and hew the Timber which he ſought,
Which they on Floats and Rafts to JOPPA brought.
The Gentiles thus did chearfully aſſiſt
To build a Temple to God's Charter Chuſt,
The Symbol of his Preſence, all which ſhews
The Gentiles ſhould in Time, as well as Jews,
Make Part of that moſt glorious ſp'ritual Houſe,
Which GOD himſelf ſhould for a Dwelling chuſe:
The Work went bravely on, no Time was loſt,
And SOLOMON, the King, did ſpare no Coſt;
The ſacred Treaſures, in by DAVID laid,
Were opened up, and all the Workmen paid:
Like Spales or Slate-ſtones Money paſſed then
Amongſt the Artiſts, and the labouring Men;
All curious Artiſts throughout ISRAEL
Unto JERUSALEM were gathered all,
And ſome from other Nations likewiſe were
Brought to aſſiſt in that great Work moſt rare;
With Cedar Boards the Temple's Inner-ſide
They cover'd, which all the Stones did hide.

Gal'ries

Gal'ries about, and Chambers for the Prieſts,
Were made of Cedar Planks and Cedar Joiſts;
SANCTUM SANCTORUM, the Oracle of GOD,
In which the Ark and Mercy-ſeat abode:
And Cherubims of choiceſt Wood were made,
Whoſe ſacred Wings the Ark did overſhade:
The Holy of Hollies was all made of Wood,
And all the ſacred Things that therein ſtood;
Its Door of Olive Wood, whoſe Hinge was Gold,
And golden Chains the Door faſt ſhut did hold:
No Man durſt venture int't, ſave once a-Year,
The high Prieſt only therein did appear;
After moſt ſolemn Sacrifice and Pray'r,
A Cenſer then with burning Incenſe there,
Religiouſly he took, and ſtraight perfum'd
The hallowed Place, leſt he ſhould be conſum'd
By that reſplendent Light and Brightneſs great
Between the Cherubs on the Mercy-ſeat;
Then with a reverend Bow, Trembling and Fear,
He begged Pardon for the bypaſt Year;
Firſt for himſelf, then for the People all,
Did earneſtly to GOD for Mercy call.

In this moſt awful Mode, great GOD did then
Require his Homage and due Praiſe from Men.
A divine Ray unvailed is ſo bright,
No Mortal can behold the hallowed Light;
Therefore the King, caus'd make a Vail of Wood,
Which 'twixt the Houſe and Preſence-chamber ſtood;
Which did the human Nature typify,
That ſhould o'erſhade the glorious Deity,
When Heav'n and Earth did meet in that bleſt One,
Wright JOSEPH's Virgin-wife her only Son.
Th' eternal Word then human Fleſh was made,
And did the divine Nature overſhade,
And acceſſible made the Deity,
To all who ſince do worſhip rev'rently.

Not only did the WRIGHTS the Work outrid
Within the Temple, and the Stones all hid,
By these fine Cedar Boards they fixed there,
Which in most curious Manner carved were,
With Cherubs, Lilies, Flowers and Pomegranates;
But likewise they did make the Instruments,
Wherewith they did give Praise to ZION's King,
Which made all Corners of the Temple ring.

The Instruments of Musick, these fine Things,
Wind Instruments, and Instruments with Strings,
Such as the Psaltry, Cornet, Pipe, and Flute,
The Cymbal, Timbrel, Harpsecord and Lute;
The Organ, and King DAVID's royal Harp,
On which he artful Notes both flat and sharp,
So cunningly with divine Skill did play,
Its very Sound did chase the Devil away.

The Art to conjure, in the Days of old,
By instrumental Musick, we are told,
To DAVID was not singular, for then
Musicians playing to Perfection, when
The DEMONS heard the heav'nly Melody,
Gall'd with the Sound, away in Haste did fly.

Whilst Musick was for pious Uses us'd,
And not by Songs of Bawdry much abus'd;
Men had the Grace and Skill, by this rare Art,
To move the Passions, and to cheer the Heart,
To that Degree, as some Historians tell,
The Art of Musick was perform'd so well,
Minstrels could manage some Men at that Rate,
Whilst they in angry Mode the Strings did beat,
To make them storm and rage, and strike about,
Then on a sudden gently touch the Lute,
On counter Keys, with so much Art and Skill,
As made the active Patient, calm and still;
And hugg and kiss the Men he struck before,
Yea, then they say, Musicians could do more:

They

They rav'nous Beaſts in Forreſts could conveen,
To hear ſuch Muſick on the verdent Green,
Who ſometimes liſtening in their Faces gaz'd,
Then ſuddenly tranſported and amaz'd,
Would dance and ſkip about them all in Rings,
Whilſt, with great Art, they touch'd the Keys and Strings.
But why, my Muſe? why dwell'ſt thou here ſo long?
Upon Muſicians, who the Muſes wrong:
The Art at firſt deſign'd the Heart to chear,
In Imitation of the heavenly Quire:
Inſtructing Notes both, moral and divine,
Muſicians firſt did ſingly deſign;
But vitious Men did ſuddenly pervert
The Intent and Meaning of this heav'nly Art,
And to their Plummet did the ſame adjuſt,
Not to excite to Virtue, but to Luſt;
Infernal Mirth, they forwardly advance,
And with the Muſick, mix promiſcuous Dance.
No Wonder that the Art doth languiſh now,
And Artiſts fail, in what they us'd to do,
Since thus they by laſcivious, ſordid, vain,
And idle Jeiggs the Muſes much profane:
But yet the Wright, his firſt Integrity,
Still holdeth faſt with much Stability;
For Inſtruments of Muſick every whit
As good as ever do continue yet,
And if diſcreetly us'd with Skill and Grace,
To Mankind ſtill might furniſh much Solace:
But ſince theſe Artiſts, do his Work abuſe,
Proceed thou to another Branch, my Muſe.
Shew how the Wright, with equal Skill and Pain,
Equips whole Navies to the fluid Main;
This Art did its Original firſt take
From NOAH, who a huge big Ship did make,
Which did all Mankind in its Womb contain
And all the Cattle ſtowed were therein;

In it all Beaſts and creeping Things did lodge,
And were preſerved from the great Deluge;
And feathered Fowl of every Kind were there,
That ſpread the Wing or fly in open Air:
This Veſſel great, th' Eſſay-piece of a Wright,
Was built ſo firm, and was careen'd ſo tight;
All Fleſh it did preſerve for near a Year,
On Billows, that the ſame aloft did bear.
Without a Pump, a Compaſs, Helm, or Sail,
Ev'n all the Time the Waters did prevail.
Without Rigging, Maſts, or Cable Tow,
And Anchor to hold faſt when Winds did blow.
On AR'RAT's Top at laſt ſhe ſtruck a-ground,
And there ſtuck faſt, yet not a Soul was drown'd.
The Ship-wright's Art at once you perfect ſee,
Tho' Navigation not to that Degree
So ſoon, but by Piece-meal did grow,
Unto a perfect Science as its now.

In little Boats or Canoes they at firſt,
To croſs a River only venture durſt;
Then with ſome larger Veſſels they invade,
Proud Neptune's Borders, where they could not wade,
But to the Shore they always near did ſtand,
And ſteered Coaſt-ways within Sight of Land;
Then by Experience were emboldned more
Ov'r narrow Seas to trip from Shore to Shore;
At laſt they're come to ſuch a Pitch of Skill,
As guide the talleſt Ships, where e'er they will.

From whence? O Wright! From whence this ſtrange Ingine
This ſublimated Art and Skill of thine?
To make the Beaſts and Elements on Land,
For Men to work, and ply to thy Command;
But further ſtill, as being not content,
To be confin'd unto one Element,
As if the Earth, too ſcant a Field for thee,
Could not contain thy Work, thou go'ſt to Sea.

'Tis

'Tis ſaid great ALEXANDER wept moſt ſore,
When he, to conquer, Worlds could find no more:
But thou haſt found, and likewiſe conquer'd too,
A World which none but thou alone could do:
The fluid Ocean, dreadful to behold,
A Terror to all Fleſh in Days of old;
None on the Waters durſt adventure then,
More than the Fire dare now be trode by Men.
The great Abyſs, which can at once intomb
Ten Worlds of Men in its voracious Womb,
Thou with more Eaſe, and Safety canſt traverſe,
Than Men on Earth can travel by Coloſſe;
Great Trees and Planks thou by thy great Ingine
Together joins, as by Command Divine.
Thy Patron NOAH firſt the Art began;
Well haſt thou coppied from that famous Man,
To join thy Trees and Planks in ſuch a Sort,
As thereby Men with Safety can tranſport
Rich Cargoes over Neptune's foaming Waves,
And therein ſit as in ſtrong Holds and Caves.
This is not all, theſe Veſſels by thee made,
Not only ſerve, and uſeful are for Trade,
In which the Merchant from the INDIES brings,
The Gold and Silver, Spices and fine Things.
Not only do they Men on Seas preſerve,
But alſo they do for our Safety ſerve,
Who dwell on Land, and Terror to all thoſe,
Who wickedly do make themſelves our Foes.
GREAT BRITAIN's Bulwark, and her Wall of Braſs,
Thou makeſt of Wood, and makeſt on Seas to paſs;
Thou mak'ſt theſe great prodigious Ships of War,
Which to the World a great Terror are;
They on proud NEPTUNE's Waves in lofty Sort,
Diſplay their Flags, and with the Billows Sport.
They croud their Sail in Tires both high and low,
And gather all the Breath the Winds can blow;

Beneath

Beneath their Bows the trembling Waves do roar,
Whilſt Men aghaſt ſtand trembling on the Shore,
Like huge big Caſtles with out-ſtretched Wings,
Them near the Shore the ſkilful Pilot brings;
They turn about and do their Feathers ſhake,
Their Thunder makes the Earth itſelf to quake;
Showers of great Bullets they aſhore do ſling,
Which ſtrongeſt Forts and proudeſt Walls down ding,
Men from their Sides like Locuſts croud apace
In Boats and Barges, with a daring Face,
They trip aſhore, and with much Fury they
Do ſtorm the Forts upon the Enemy.

Before the crafty Monk found out the Art,
To change the Muſket for the Spear and Dart.
All martial Weapons and Engines of War
Were made by Wrights, as ſtill ſome of them are;
Yet ſome make doubt which are the beſt, and ſay,
The Bow did then, more than the Guns now ſlay;
But Novelty prevails, and ancient Things,
Such as the Arrow, Bow, and Batton-ſlings,
The manual Weapons of the Ancients now
Rejected are, as Things that will not do.

Bat'ring-rams, and Baliſts anciently,
And Caterpults were the Artillery
Us'd in the Wars, by ſkillful Wrights all made,
From which all theſe now us'd are copied.
The Baliſt, a prodigious great Croſs-bow,
Diſt Stones and Arrows in ſtraight Line throw;
The Caterpult, their Morter-piece was then,
Which heav'd great Stones, and let them fall again.
Some of them threw Stones ſo prodigious large,
More than ſix royal Cannon can diſcharge;
The Batt'ring-rams like Thunder-bolts did knock
Upon the Walls, enough to ſplit a Rock.
The TROJAN Horſe the cunning Wright did make,
By Means of which, they did the City take.

The Work were endleſs to go on to ſhew
What Wrights have done, and what they ſtill can do:
'Tis plain by modern great Artillery,
We nothing gain but juſt the Novelty.

But yet, my Muſe, thou further muſt proceed
Concerning Wright-craft to another Head;
Say of the Wright, what none elſe can pretend;
All Men alive did from a Wright deſcend.
To ABRAM was a gracious Promiſe made,
He ſhould be bleſſed with a num'rous Seed,
That for their Number, as the Sand ſhould be,
Or as the twinkling Lights of Heav'n we ſee;
Yet ABRAHAM and his large Offspring all,
Is but a Branch, yea, ev'n a Twig moſt ſmall
Of this great Root, of this great Wright, I mean,
Who in his Loins all Nations did contain;
But yet his Glory in this lieth not,
But rather here, becauſe he was devout.

In Time of grand Apoſtaſy, this Prince,
A King he was, I inſtantly evince,
The Tenth from ADAM in the royal Line;
A holy Prieſt, a Prophet, a Divine,
A Wright, and univerſal Monarch too;
What Artiſt can ſo great a Patron ſhow?
I ſay, this Prince in theſe apoſtate Days,
When all Mankind corrupted had their Ways;
Their Wickedneſs increas'd to ſuch a Flame,
Nought but the great Deluge could quench the ſame,
And waſh the Earth from their Impurity,
And make it fit for his Poſterity;
This pious Wright, and Houſe the Mercy found
Preſerv'd to be, when all the reſt were drown'd.

This plainly ſhews the Mercy and the Love
Of that juſt Judge, who dwells and reigns above:
The righteous Judge of all the Earth is juſt,
And none deſtroys that in him put their Truſt;

One

One of all Mankind he doth ſingle out,
One of a City, as he did with LOT:
For five he'll ſpare a City, but if there
Be Wickedneſs abounding every where;
If but one Righteous lodge within its Walls,
That very One by Name from thence he calls,
And taketh out from 'mongſt the wicked Crew,
That on the reſt he may pour Vengeance due.
He for a few great Multitudes doth ſpare,
And ev'n theſe few, who do their Hearts prepare
To ſerve him rightly, tho' they do offend
In many Things, he'll one good Thing commend;
This one good Man, amongſt all ADAM's Seed,
He taketh out, before that he proceed
To take due Vegeance on the godleſs Crowd,
And ſweep them all off by a mighty Flood;
Yet unreprov'd he will not let them go,
Periſh they muſt; yet ſhall they periſh ſo,
As ſpotleſs Juſtice ſhall exonoured be,
He Warning gave them from fierce Wrath to fly:
NOAH on Planks and Trees his Line did ſtretch,
By Manual-work he did Repentance preach:
Sixſcore of Years he preached on this Text,
At their ungodly Scoffs not little vext:
But all th' Effect that this long Sermon had
Was to enrage them, and to make them mad
Againſt the Prophet, who, they ſcoffing mock'd,
While he the Boards and Planks together knock'd;
Said they, Behold! how this old ſullen Fool
Works on this Ark with every Kind of Tool;
He ſays, We ſhall be drown'd, the Water ſo
Shall ſwell and riſe, the whole Earth to o'erflow,
Ridiculous, yea bitterly abſurd,
We're not ſuch Fools as to believe his Word:
Bid us abſtain from Pleaſures, he calls Sin,
Theſe manly Vices we find Pleaſure in.

Come,

Come, don't regard him, let the Fool alone,
Let him with this moſt famous Work go on,
A Monument of his great Folly ſure,
This glorious Ark ſhall for long Time endure.
  The Prophet, finding that it was in vain,
To bid the World from Wickedneſs refrain,
In building of the Ark did ſtill proceed,
That therein he might juſt preſerve a Seed,
To grow up from a purer Root or Stock;
Still builded on, and ſtill did let them mock
The Work out-rid, Proviſions he laid in,
And to ſtow all the Cattle did begin.
The Beaſts unclean came to him Pair by Pair,
The clean, by Sevens, faſt thither did repair:
At laſt Himſelf and Houſhold in he put,
And GOD himſelf the Door behind did ſhut.
The great Abyſſe, and Fountains of the Deep
Were opened up, Mankind away to ſweep;
And all the Clouds of Heav'n at once did pour
Their Rain apace, ſome ſaid, 'Tis but a Shower;
We will not yet believe the Earth can be,
By theſe ſmall Drops, all turn'd into a Sea.
While it rain'd long, and Waters ſtill increaſt,
Some ran unto the Ark, in mighty Haſte,
With Stones and Sticks they knocked at the Door,
To NOAH then, loud did they cry and roar,
Pray, let us in, for now we will repent,
And to abandon Vice we are content.
  Too late their Cries, for then he would not hear,
As to his Sermon they had not giv'n Ear:
For Hammers and for Axes they ran then,
To break it up, when they came back again:
But e'er they could get back, the Waters roſe,
And 'twixt the Ark and them did interpoſe;
Each little Strand a mighty River was,
Impoſſible for any Man to paſs.

To Tops of Hills and Houſes then they ran,
And all the other Methods that they can,
They try and uſe, their wretched Lives to ſave,
But all in vain, the Flood muſt be their Grave:
Some on a Board, and ſome upon a Tree,
Did float a while, and then did ſtarving die;
The Waters ſtill prevail'd with dreadful Strength
'Bove higheſt Hill, the talleſt Giant's Length:
Before this Time the Ark, you may be ſure,
Was toſt on Billows that the ſame up-bore.
Flat bottom'd and ſquare ſtern'd, without a Bow,
Not made in Faſhion, as the Ships are now,
Without a Keel, and Rudder like a Boat,
Not being made for Sailage, but to float:
Had ſhe been arched below, and had a Keel,
The mighty Waves that 'gainſt her Sides did reel,
Had beat her down, when firſt ſhe ſtruck a-ground,
And her whole precious Cargo had been drown'd:
But being flat, her Bottom ſure did ſtand,
And ſteady keeped the firſt Hold of Land.
The Waters then return, the Ark ſtuck faſt,
And out thereof did NOAH come at laſt,
With all his Houſhold, and with every Beaſt,
And to his GOD did ſolemnize a Feaſt:
Thankful for his Deliv'rance, he did make
An Altar, and the Seventh of Beaſts did take;
I mean clean Beaſts, all which he kill'd and dreſs'd,
One of each Kind, he ſacrific'd the beſt;
His great Deliverer he prais'd and invok'd,
Even all the while the hallowed Altar ſmoak'd;
The poiſoned Air with Incenſe he perfum'd,
Defil'd by Men, which then were all conſum'd;
He was accepted, and his GOD did pleaſe
The Savour of this general Sacrifice,
Well recompens'd him for his One of Seven,
None ever loſt by giving unto Heaven;

He ſix for one did inſtantly repay,
For Beaſts might not be eaten till that Day;
He hallowed all the Flock for this poor one,
That Men might freely feed and feaſt upon
The Careaſes of Animals, but Blood
He did forbid, as Fleſh before the Flood:
This ſeaſonable Bounty he did get,
Juſt when the Earth had been all waſh'd and wet,
Sanded and furrow'd by the dreadful Waves,
And barren grown, he this new Food receives,
With a ſure Promiſe for his future Joy,
That Waters ſhould no more all Fleſh deſtroy.
O wond'rous Grace! that he doth condeſcend,
As if Men could not on his Word depend,
To add a Token, which they may behold,
Beſides that Word which Heav'ns and Earth uphold,
The Rainbow, which he placeth in the Cloud,
In token that he'll not return the Flood.
O faithleſs Man! that needeth ſuch a Sign
Thus to confirm, that faint weak Faith of thine;
What Honour to a Wright, who thus procur'd
A Token? Which has ever ſince endur'd,
And to the World's End it ſhall remain,
To ſhew the Earth ſhall not be drown'd by Rain.
A Wright, *qua* Wright, from temp'ral Death did ſave
All Fleſh, that in their Noſtrils Breath receive:
But what's all this, to that moſt pious Wright
Of JUDAH's royal Line, in Heart upright,
Who was commanded to eſpouſe a Wife,
A ſpotleſs Virgin of untainted Life,
Of that ſame royal Blood, and Stem of JESSE
What Words this glorious Myſt'ry can expreſs?
Angelick Wiſdom! here muſt needs ſtand mute
My Muſe! adore! adore! and not diſpute,
How it could be, that Heaven and Earth here joins?
How the Creator from created Loins

Proceeded thus? or how the Woman's Seed
Should bruiſe the crafty Serpent's crazy Head?
The Ancient of Days, thus to become a Child,
And he the Son of a poor Wright be ſtil'd;
That he who made the Univerſe ſhould be
An Infant dandled on a Woman's Knee;
Dreſt and ſwaddled, and receive the Breaſt,
And ſuck a Virgin's Milk to quench his Thirſt:
The Fountain of living Waters to be dry,
And for the Breaſt like other Infants cry;
But ſo it was, and to ſum up what can
Be ſaid, GOD's Son became the Son of Man.

'Tis plain from all that is above expreſt,
Of all the Arts WRIGHT-CRAFT muſt be the beſt;
No Honour ever was on Men conferr'd,
Like that to which ſome Wrights have been prefer'd.
The greateſt Gift, ev'n Heav'n itſelf could give,
Wright JOSEPH and his Virgin Wife receive;
Omnipotence was ne'er put to't before
To do its utmoſt, and could do no more.
Infinity gave an infinite Gift,
Nothing behind it to be given was left,
To make Ten thouſand Worlds, Omnipotence
Could in a Minute by a Word produce,
And not exhauſt its Power a Drahm or Ace,
But thus it was in the 'bove mention'd Caſe;
Love was exerted to the higheſt Pitch,
He that receiveth all muſt needs be rich.

A Wright's Wife here, is dignify'd and bleſs'd,
In ſuch a Sort as cannot be expreſs'd;
She who no Man did know, brought forth a Son
To ſave an elect World, that was undone;
And muſt have periſh'd, had not Mercy given
To her the Darling Quinteſſence of Heaven:
He who made all Things, of her Fleſh was made;
She whom the Holy Ghoſt did overſhade

Brought

Brought forth a Son, the Son of GOD ſhe bore,
Whom all Mankind ſhould worſhip and adore;
Yea, Angels too before him proſtrate fall,
And by their Wings their Faces hide withal,
Abaſh'd and ſham'd his Glory to behold,
Which 'Ternity itſelf cannot unfold.
He whom the Heaven of Heavens cannot contain,
For nine Months Space or more did lodge within
The bleſſed Womb of a Wright's Virgin Wife,
And Life took of her, who to all gave Life;
Myſterious Grace, here, wholly out of Sight,
Pleas'd thus to honour and to bleſs a Wright;
Ev'n to be call'd his Son, and did ſubmit
To be govern'd by him, as he thought fit;
Whilſt in the State of his Humility,
Wright JOSEPH did command, and he obey.
Amazing Condeſcenſion! matchleſs Love!
To ADAM's Race, did him excite and move
Himſelf to humble in this lowly State,
Who was, and is, Infinite, High, and Great.
And this bleſt Wright did not his Pow'r abuſe,
Nor any of Heaven's Mandates did refuſe,
But ſtraightway did take home his bleſſed Spouſe;
As ſoon's the Angel told him had the Caſe,
And afterward he quickly left the Place
Of his Nativity, and with Delight
To EGYPT haſtily did take his Flight,
To ſave the bleſſed Babe from HEROD's Rage,
Where he maintain'd him till he was of Age;
And Food and Rayment for him did provide,
So long as he pleas'd with him to abide.
He who unto all Creatures giveth Meat,
Had nothing of his own whereof to eat;
He who the World created, had no where
To lay his Head, to which he might repair,

When

When weary and fatigu'd, but this blest Wright
Did entertain him many a Day and Night;
And at his blessed Craft did toil and sweat
To earn the Bread our blessed Lord did eat.
O blessed Guest! O happy Wright! who fed
And lodg'd the Son of GOD, who had no Bed.
These famous Patrons of Wright-craft are such,
We to their Praise can never say too much.

Let this excite all Wrights to pious Lives,
Let it likewise excite their loving Wives
To imitate these famous Patrons, who
So much of Grace and Sanctity did know;
By means of which, they have obtain'd such Fame,
That nothing ever can blot out the same;
And all who yet do Piety promote
Shall gain a Treasure that shall never rot.
When one did praise the happy blessed State
Of her that gave unto our Lord the Teat;
He plainly told, they rather blessed are
Who to obey his Word their Hearts prepare.